Beauty it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade
The *eyes* of men without an *Orator*,
What needeth then *Apologies* be made
To set forth that which is so *singular* ?
Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
Of that *rich Iewell* he should keepe vnknowne,
From theeuish *eares* because it is his owne ?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece Sou'raignty*,
Suggested this proud *issue* of a *King* :
For by our *eares* our *hearts* oft tainted be,
Perchance that enuy of so rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainefully did sting (vant
His high pitcht *thoughts*, that meaner men should
The *golden hap* which their *superiors* want.

But some vntimely *thought* did instigate,
His all too timelesse speede, if none of those,
His *honor*, his *affaires*, his *friends*, his *state*,
Neglected all ; with swift intent he goes,
To quench the *coale* which in his liuer growes.
O rash false *heat*, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty *spring* still blasts and n'ere growes old,

Tarquin welcomed by Lucrece

When at *Colatia* this false *Lord* arriued,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Romane dame*,
Within whose face *beauty* and *vertue* striued,
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame,
When *vertue* brag'd, *beauty* would blush for shame
When *beauty* boasted blushes, in despight
Vertue would staine that o're with *siluer white*.

But *beauty* in that *white* intituled,
From *Venus doues* doth challenge that *faire field*,
Then *vertue* claimes from *beauty* beauties red,
Which vertue gaue the *golden* age to gild
Their *siluer cheekes*, and cald it then their *shield*,
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,

This *Herauldry* in *Lucrece* face was seene,
Argued by *beauties* red and *vertues white*,
Of eithers colour was the other *Queene*;
Prouing from *worlds minority* their right,
Yet their *ambition* makes them still to fight :
The *sou'ragnity*, of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each others *seat*.

This silent *warre* of *Lillies* and of *Roses*,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her faire *faces field*,
In their pure *ranks* his *traytor* eye encloses,
Where least between them both it should be kild,
The coward *captiue* vanquished doth yeeld
To those two *armes* that would let him goe,
Rather than triumph in so false a *foe*.

Now thinks he that her *husband* shallow tongue,
The *niggard prodigall* that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her *beauty* wrong,
Which farre exceeds his *barren skill* to show.
Therefore that *praise* which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* answers with surmise,
In silent *wonder* of still *gazing eyes*.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Diuell*;
Little supecteth the *false worshipper* ;
"For thoughts vnstain'd doe sildome dreame on (*euil*,
"*Birds* neuer lim'd, no secret *bushes* feare :
So guiltlesse she securely giues *good* cheare,
And reuerend *welcome* to her princely *guest*,
Whose *inward* ill no *outward harme* exprest.

For that he coloured with his high *estate*,
Hiding base *sinne* in pleats of *Maiesty* :
That nothing in him seem'd *inordinate*,
Saue sometime too much wonder of his *eye*,
Which hauing *all*, *all* could not satisfie ;